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GUTZON BORGLUM

HOFFMAN

MASK OF WOMAN IN GROUP

"I have piped unto you
and ye have not danced."

EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURE

BY

GUTZON BORGLUM

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FEBRUARY TWENTY-EIGHT
NINETEEN FOURTEEN

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PREFACE

GUTZON BORGLUM, philosopher, poet, and student, is the type of man that stands alone, thinks alone, and acts alone; bound to no conventions, a nonconformist. He speaks as he thinks; whether one thing to-day and another to-morrow, the same force, the same sincerity of purpose, the same individual are always present. His native talent and culture have drawn him towards the very confines of eternity; to the regions of mystic shadows that have ever stirred the souls of men. His vivid imagination binds him to no particular "ism." He finds a fascination in them all, and from each are chosen the haunting flowers and woven with masterly skill into garlands of beauty; into forms, and souls, and dreams. He believes that the very essence of sculpture is correctness, and there seems to be a perfect agreement between his understanding and his imagination. With him knowledge points the way and imagination, like a playful child, romps behind. Intelligence alone the enchanted path to things beautiful. His thirsting desire to know has plunged him headlong into fields abstruse, and with the generous mind and innocent heart of the child he takes us by the hand, wants us to go along and enjoy the good things too.

Many attempt but never perform; Borglum performs. A man's work self judges, fixes his capacity. The savage with his rudely carved image might properly regard the figure as the most remarkable piece of art imaginable, when we measure the extent of his intellect. Therefore Borglum will tell you that it is the intellect that sends the chips of marble flying and not the hand. The beauty that pleases is the beauty he follows. Truth and perfection his constant aims. To him the soul that renders such work commands. He follows nature, not as the fox the hare, but rather as the father his lost child. Borglum gives us no pledge and his spirit exults in an untrammeled freedom. He feels indebted to nobody, and the wide world is at once his temple and playground. There is nothing impassive in his creations; they teem with emotion, feeling, and life. He seeks the relations of things and welds his links together in a masterly manner. He employs no Fabian tactics, but marches boldly to the front, relinquishing no conquered territory without a bitter struggle. America, the land of his birth, he makes his home. He is keenly alive to the treasures that lie hidden in every page of his country's history. Theme upon theme surge through his heart and his mind, as restless as the ocean. Like a fretting horse he is eager to be off. Nothing seems to satisfy his parched soul. He does not believe in

accident; achievement is born of genius and work. Shy of flattery; a wholesome praise acts as a stimulus to his inspiration. He is thoroughly human and wants nothing he does not earn. He works for the world, and if he succeeds in making it see what he sees and feel what he feels, then he is happy.

It is not within the scope of this article to dwell upon or enumerate the many and varied works that mark his genius and versatility, and that plead eloquently to all students of poetry, and lovers of the beautiful, to picture the grace and sentiment that take form under his feverish hand. The Mares of Diomedes, the Centaurs, the marvelous Head of Lincoln, and the all pervading love and affection that beam from those masterpieces, Motherhood and Wonderment of Motherhood.

In Borglum we find no extravagant fancy of a deluded mind or incapable hand. No sign of retrogression, no tendency toward chaos, no turning back to mimic the primitive art of cave-dwellers. The cubes and pyramids of Pythagoras may sleep undisturbed. The hydrocephalus of the new perception finds no responsive chord. Nature, as we all see it, alone is his guide.

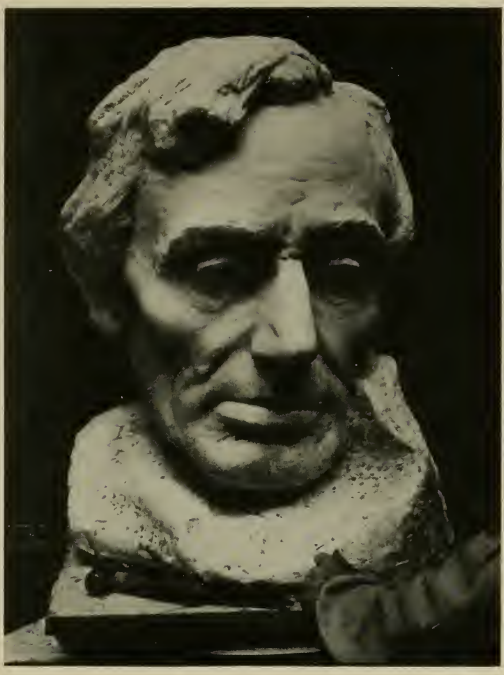
In leaving these happy fields I pause before the figure called Conception. It represents the image of a female, strong and true, chaste and beautiful. There is no prostitution of the intellect

here, no delusions, the lines conforming to the natural beauty that God gave them. Here in all the sublimity of majesty we see the symbolism of life; the symbolism of love, affection, devotion, and piety. Like the chrysalis that liberates the butterfly, we see the soul that hovers above this classic piece of marble. We seem to feel the same thrill as we watch the distended lips that drink in the breath of life, and we wonder. There is something in this appealing countenance that strikes us with peculiar awe. We see a soul rising above passion. We feel the same adoration that we do for the flower that forces itself up through the muddy soil into a new life and light, a sort of emancipation. We see the early morning sun break through the skies of splendor; the unfolding of the rose, the *"Wille zum Guten,"* the revelation!

Such is the admiration, charm and glory I feel in this bewitching piece of stone.

GEORGE LUKS.

New York, February 17, 1914.



LINCOLN COLOSSAL HEAD IN MARBLE

Presented to the American Nation
by Eugene Meyer, Junr., Esquire.
Now in the Rotunda of the
Capitol, Washington, D.C.

NERO BRONZE STATUETTE

LINCOLN

Colossal figure of Abraham Lincoln
sitting on a park bench.
Now in Newark, N. J.

THE MARTYR

"I have piped unto you
and ye have not danced."

Why don't you
Sincerely Yours
Gutzon Borglum

1914

MASK OF MAN IN GROUP

"I have piped unto you
and ye have not danced."

REMORSE

Owned by Eugene Meyer, Junr., Esquire

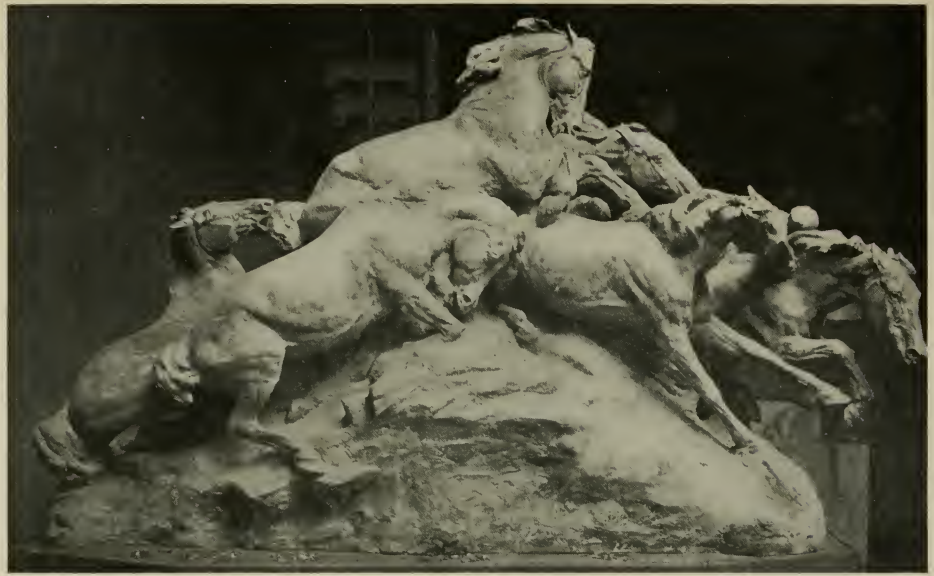
Fragment of a proposed frieze of the first grief of Eve over the loss of Abel; unfinished but completed into the figure "Remorse."

THREE OF THE APOSTLES

Now in the Church of
St. John the Divine.

THE MARES OF DIOMEDES

Diomedes, King of Thrace, kept a band of mares to which all prisoners taken in war were fed. It was one of the tasks of Hercules to capture these mares, which he did. Diomedes pursued Hercules, and Hercules was obliged to abandon the mares to give battle to Diomedes, who was killed. Recapturing the mares, Hercules fed them the body of Diomedes. This immediately tamed them, and Hercules took them away to the mountains.



THE MARES OF DIOMEDES

"THE WOOING OF THE CENTAURS"

THE ATLAS

Owned by Eugene Meyer, Junr., Esquire

The Atlas is here represented as a woman bearing the burden of the world in her arms. The burden of the world is borne in the arms of humanity.

"CONCEPTION"

The awakening to motherhood.

"CONCEPTION"

The awakening to motherhood.

"WONDERMENT OF MOTHERHOOD"

RUSKIN BRONZE STATUE

SHERIDAN

Colossal bronze statue of General Sheridan.
Now in Massachusetts Ave.,
Washington, D. C.

SMITHSON

THE RETURN OF THE BOER

GUTZON BORGLUM

CATALOGUE

SCULPTURE

1 Mares of Diomedes. *Bronze.*
Owned by Metropolitan Museum.

2 Head of Lincoln.
Original in marble.
Owned by the United States.
Capitol, Washington, D. C.

3 "I have piped unto you and ye have not danced." *Plaster.*

4 Fragment of Mares of Diomedes.
Plaster.

5 Fragment of Mares of Diomedes with rider. *Plaster.*

6 Fragment of Mares of Diomedes.
Bronze.
Owned by Arthur Turnbull, Esq.

7 Head of Sheridan's Horse. *Plaster.*
Fragment of equestrian statue,
Washington, D. C.

8 Newark Lincoln. Sketch. *Bronze.*

9 Grant with Aides. *Bronze.*

10 Ruskin. *Bronze.*
Loaned by Tiffany & Co.

11 Nero. *Bronze.*
Loaned by Tiffany & Co.

12 Lincoln Bust. *Bronze.*
Loaned by Tiffany & Co.

13 Mask. *Bronze.*

14 Woman's Mask. "I have piped," etc. *Plaster.*

15 Man's Mask. "I have piped," etc. *Plaster.*

16 Mask of Angel of The Annunciation. *Bronze.*

17 Mask, Edith Wynne Matthison. *Terra-cotta.*

18 Smithson. *Plaster.*

19 Newark Lincoln. *Plaster.*

20 Fragments.

21 Prayer. *Bronze.*

22 Conception. *Marble.*

23 Maiden's Prayer. *Marble.*

24 The Martyr. *Marble.*
Loaned by Tiffany & Co.

25 Orpheus. *Marble.*
Loaned by Mrs. Liebman.

26 The Wooing of the Centaurs. *Marble.*
Loaned by Tiffany & Co.

27 Night. *Marble.*
Loaned by Tiffany & Co.

28 Atlas. *Marble.*
Owned by Eugene Meyer, Jr., Esq.

29 Portrait Bust. *Marble.*
Edith Wynne Matthison.

30 Portrait Bust. *Marble.*
Col. E. M. L. Ehlers.

31 Portrait Bust. *Marble.*
Senator Elkins.

32 Mask. *Marble.*
"I have piped to you."

33 Mask. *Bronze.*
Angel of The Annunciation.

34 Wonderment of Motherhood.
Marble.

35 Portrait Bust. *Marble.* Phyllis.

36 Remorse. *Marble.*

37 Bas-relief. *Marble.*

38 Martyr. *Marble.*
Owned by Mrs. Morris Loeb.

39 Mother and Child.

40 The Passing Myth. *Marble.*

DRAWINGS

Auguste Rodin.

Alexandre Charpentier.

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